THE

New Revolution:

OR, THE

WHIGS turn'd JACOBITES.

A

POEM.

LONDON

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THE NEW REVOLUTION, OR, THE Whigs turn'd Jacobites.

WHat a Race were you running from bad into worſe,
If you had not been croſs'd in the midſt of your [courſe,
By a Prieſt who'd the ſenſe to look timely before him,
And to wiſely take care that you ſhou'd not ride o'er him:
'Twas a ſcurvy Miſchance that you ſtumbl'd upon him,
But a worſe to you Whigs that you cou'd not o'er-run him;
Since it ſhew'd you too weak in the height of your Glory,
To grapple with one honeſt Prieſt of a Tory,
Who'd the Courage to tell you your own, at a Time
When you labour'd to puniſh all Truth as a Crime;

And in ſpite of your Querks made it after appear,
That his Doctrine was ſound and his Arguments clear,
Whilſt the Tongues of your Party were warmly exerted,
To juſt no more purpoſe than if you had farted;
For Truth, tho' ſhe's bury'd, again will ariſe,
And be cleans'd from the Dirt of Fanatical Lies,
As the Aſhes of thoſe that are Loyal and Juſt,
Shall awake from their Slumbers and ſhake off their Ruſt.

But, alas, what a Railing and Raving you make,
Now you find yourſelves cramp'd by your fooliſh Miſtake,
And confounded at once, by your building awry,
That Republican Babel you carry'd too high,
Till the whole tumbl'd down, to your Shame everlaſting,
For want of your Managers rightly forecaſting:
So Children with Cards fine Eſcurials will raiſe,
And with Courtiers and Knaves the weak Tenement grace,
Till by building too high on a feeble Foundation,
They o'erthrow the whole Work, and then Rave in a Paſſion,
And at thoſe that ſtand by will be railing and ſqualling,
Tho' their own want of Judgment occaſion'd its falling.

You, the Whigs of the Realm, where's your Loyalty fled,
Now your Cauſe is quite ſunk and your Int'reſt decay'd?
Who are Jacobites now, the High-Church that maintain
The true Right of Succeſſion in *Anna*'s bright Reign,
Or your murmuring Party, who grinning diſown
That the Queen has, by Birth, any Right to the Throne?
And when, over Coffee, like Rebels declare,
That ſhe Rules by your Curteſy, not as an Heir.

Pray ſuppoſe that you rob me of what is my Right,
And unleſs you refund I can never come by it,
If you make a Return, that your humble Conceſſion
May attone, in due time, for your wicked Tranſgreſſion;
Still you render no more, for your Safety, unto me,
Than what you before kept moſt wrongfully from me;
Nor am I oblig'd, when you grant me Poſſeſſion,
To limit my Right to your crafty Donation,
Since my Title to what you but honeſtly give me,
Is better than that which you had to deprive me;
For tho' you return what you ſtole for a time,
Yet a Thief's ſtill a Thief and his Rapine a Crime.

What

What if Reprobates plunder my Father and Mother,
Then, betwixt them and me, give the Spoil to another,
And, by cunning Pretences, obtain my Conſent,
In a Wrong to myſelf which my Heart never meant;
And tho' I'm put by, yet at length they reſtore
What they very unjuſtly held from me before.
Muſt I thank 'em and ſay, when they give me my own,
That inſtead of my Right 'twas their generous Boon?
No, I ſurely muſt think 'em baſe Knaves to expect it,
And worſe if by Force they ſhou'd ever exact it,
'Tis enough they have wrong'd me, to pleaſure their ſpight,
Not compel me to own, when poſſeſs'd of my Right,
That I've no other Title by Law or by Nature,
Or the Precepts laid down by our bleſſed Salvator,
Than what I derive from a Tribe that poſtpon'd me
From enjoying my Right, when they ought to have own'd me.

Ah Whigs! you may now your ill Fortune bewail,
Your Preſumption and Fury have quite turn'd the Scale;
The Wiſe and the Honeſt, as well as the Rabble,
Are now for confounding your inſolent *Babel*;

Since

Since they find you're for building a Commonwealth Tow'r
To a pitch far exceedeng Monarchical Pow'r;
But in vain you're miſled by the Devil's old Dream,
To purſue the vile Tracts of Tap *Shaftsbury*'s Scheme;
For you never will finiſh the Courſe you are running,
Till the Church are leſs Wiſe, and your Party more Cunning.
Great *Jove* with his Lightning ſtill blaſts your Deſigns,
And in Wrath blows up all your Republican Mines;
Inſomuch that the Church (as you told us long ſince)
Is indeed out of Danger, as well as our Prince:
So that what you then cunningly Voted, why truly
You've juſtly made good by your ſubſequent Folly:
So our dull dreaming Saints, full of ſpiritual Whims,
Who delight to be guided by Viſions and Dreams,
The reſults of dark Fancy do oft bring to Light,
In their acting by Day what they Dream in the Night.

What a Tack have you made ſince your late Undertaking
Succeeded ſo ill, that your Hearts ſtill are aching,
For fear what you acted, when Lords Paramount,
Now the Scene is quite chang'd ſhould be call'd to Account?
How comes it about that ſuch zealous Defenders
Of the Proteſtant Right againſt Popiſh Pretenders,

Should

Should now of a ſudden ſet up for Reſtorers,
And talk with more freedom than any Non-Jurors,
Commend the Rehearſal, ſpeak light of the T-----,
And in Publick affirm what is Treaſon to own.
So your cunning Attorneys, that live by the Laws,
If they're thruſt by the Plaintiff once out of a Cauſe,
Tho' they know that 'tis falſe they'll aſſert, out of ſpight,
That the injur'd Defendant point blank has the Right.

Who are Loyaliſts now, but the Church that maintains
All the Dignities due to the Monarch that Reigns?
Who Friends to the Nation but thoſe that preſerve her,
From the Rapine and Plunder of Knaves that would ſtarve her?
Not a Tribe who would carry the late Revolution
So far as to ruin our old Conſtitution:
Not a murmuring Crew, who are never at eaſe,
But when Kings give them leave to Inſult as they pleaſe,
That their Avarice, Spite, and unbounded Ambition,
May reduce the whole Land to a wretched Condition,
And the Church be enſlav'd by a ſanctify'd Crew
Of Republican Knaves, and the Devil knows who.

But the Tide, God be thanked, is happily turn'd,
And the Nation, who under Whig-Management mourn'd,
Now ſmile to behold the Republican Brothers,
Tumble into that Pit they were digging for others;
And the Projects wherein all their Tribe were ſo hearty,
Should be turn'd by themſelves into Rods for their Party.
But conſider it right and 'tis no mighty wonder
Such lame Undertakers ſhould ſtumble or blunder,
Since the Whigs in the Saddle were always ſo civil,
To ſpur as if riding Poſt-haſte to the Devil.

F I N I S.

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